eral professor stood on the staircase reading the Manifesto and commenting on it, point by point. Its vagueness did not discourage him. This is how all great constitutions are born, he argued. The era of despotism and revolutions is over, the nation has entered the stage of constitutional development.

As soon as he finished, I took his place and asked the audience whether they shared the speaker's confidence in the sincerity, honesty, and liberal intentions of the Tsar and his gang. Only those who share such illusions, I said, could accept the professor's conclusions.

The great majority of the students were on my side. Somebody shouted, "To the Plaza of Kazan!"

This was the name of a huge semicircle off the Nevsky Prospect, the traditional setting for anti-governmental demonstrations. I immediately cut my speech short. "Yes, all who distrust the Tsar, forward, to the Plaza of Kazan!"

The crowd moved toward Nevsky Prospect. More and more people joined the procession. The streets were decorated with the white, blue, and red national flag. People tore the white and blue stripes from them, leaving only the red stripes fluttering in the air. Red flags with revolutionary slogans appeared from nowhere over the crowd. Turning toward Nevsky Prospect, we met another procession carrying tricolor flags and singing, "God save the Tsar!" Strangely enough, the monarchists greeted us with a friendly "Hurrah!"

Kazan Plaza was crowded, but the crowd was not united. People were coming and going. Three or four speakers were speaking at the same time in different parts of the semicircle. The listeners were confused and did not care much who spoke or what he said. Several times a panic broke out. Somebody would shout, "The Cossacks!" and the people would begin to run. I had the impression that the panics were provoked deliberately.

A large crowd assembled on University Avenue. Speakers addressed it from the balcony of the University. All of them spoke against the Manifesto. I ended my speech by tearing up the newspaper and throwing the pieces to the wind. The meeting was improvised in the University's main hall with the usual speakers in the pulpit. There was no time to get in touch with the party centers and each spoke for himself, but everyone denounced the government, the Manifesto, and liberals who were ready to take it at face value.

The city was full of rumors of assaults by troops on demonstrations in industrial precincts. Several Putilov workers were killed. Not far from the Polytechnic School a mounted patrol attacked the passers-by, and Professor E. V. Tarle, the popular historian, among others, was injured.